Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my philhorſe haſe on his taile.

Launce. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure hee had more haire of his taile, then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to runne away, ſo I will not reſt till I haue runne ſome ground; my Maiſter's a very Iewe, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I ſerue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I ſerue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infe

Lau. Indeede the ſhort a
a deſire as my Father ſhall ſp

Gob. His Maiſter and he
ſcarce catercoſins,

Lau. To be briefe, the ve
me wrong, dooth cauſe me
ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a diſh
your worſhip, and my ſute i

Lau. In very briefe, the
worſhip ſhall knowe by this
though old man, yet poore

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both

Laun. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the very defe

Baſſ. I know thee well, th
Shylocke thy Maiſter ſpoke
And hath preferd thee, if it
To leaue a rich Iewes ſeruic
The follower of ſo poore a

Clowne. The old prouerb
ſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, yo
hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well
Take leaue of thy old Maiſt
My lodging out, giue him a
More garded then his fellow

Clowne. Father in, I canno
in my head, wel: if any ma
dooth offer to ſweare vpon
goe too, heere's a ſimple lyne
alas, fifteene wiues is nothing
is a ſimple comming in for o
thrice, and to be in perrill of
heere are ſimple ſcapes: vvel
wench for this gere: Father